

Title: **Silver**

Author: Little Miss GG

Theme: 10, smut

Pairing/Characters: Tenth Doctor/Rose Tyler

Rating: ADULT/18/R

Disclaimer/claimer: Not mine, just like playing with them.

Notes/Summary: This was just a drabble that became a bit of a monster.

Think of it as a remedy to the angst of [Grey](#). All smut. All shameless, red-faced smut. Just a couple of chapters. Plot will be resumed within the colours series as soon as possible.

"I wanna experiment" he had said as in explanation and thus the evening had become decidedly more...frustrating for little miss Rose Tyler.

CHAPTER 1

"So what about if I do this...?"

"Mmm..!"

"But when I do that..."

"No! Noooo!"

"Thought so. So what about if I did this...?"

"Ahhh!"

"Never tried that before."

"Do it again!"

"Yes madam!"

He disappeared between her thighs again, his tongue taking broad swipes over her clit before plunging deeper to join his magnificently huge and strong fingers arched inside her and currently trying out all sorts of new ideas he had come up with while he had been tied up on the last planet they visited. Without a word of explanation he had dragged Rose down to his room without so much as a 'i'm glad we're not dead' hug.

"Oh fuck!"

"Yeah, that's an old favourite."

"Doctor...?!"

"See now what if I add this one..."

"Doctor!"

"And twist..."

"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..."

Rose pulled so hard at the scarves around her wrists she feared she was going to bring the whole bloody bed down on top of her. Oh God, but when he did THAT. He had that mad glint in his eye that she just knew meant he was going to torture her. Drive her to within an inch of her sanity. And boy was he doing a good job. He had her strip and kneel, on all fours, in the middle of his bed. He walked around, observing her from all angles before quite unexpectedly grabbing his hair brush from the cabinet and spanking her hard across her arse. She yelped but stayed resolutely on all fours, starring at the pillows and chewing through her lip. He repeated it several times before loosing the hair brush and choosing the more tactile approach and using his hand.

"Sure you don't want me to stop?" He had a grin that would put the devil to

shame.

"You dare!"

"Ok, if you're sure."

"Fuck me!"

"What's the magic word?"

"NOW!"

The last slap had left her tingling and she felt him climb on to the bed behind her. Still fully clothed he rested his hips against her arse and began trailing his hands across her back, her shoulders, down her spine until they came under her body and found her dripping pussy. One finger, just one, circled her clit while the other hand went unseen and more importantly, unfelt.

"You know, I should probably go and move the Tardis, I think we're still outside that castle, probably got hundreds of evil minions trying to break in as we speak..."

"If you leave..." Rose gasped unable to finish the threat.

"If I leave...?"

"I'll...oh!"

"You'll...?"

"Oh please, there, there!"

When he pulled away she groaned but before she was able to turn her head he was back, naked and hard and right...there. She felt weak all over as he

pushed inside her, slowly, so slowly she could count the inches. Pulling out with the same steady gate until he left her body with a 'pop'. He had commanded that she turn over and she did so, spreading her legs wide and beckoning him closer. He repeated his cruelly unwavering pace, once, twice, and then pushing in so hard Rose had to remember where she began and he stopped. He had fucked her relentlessly, no pause for breath until she had cum screeching like a banshee, her whole body rocking so hard he briefly wondered if she was having some kind of fit.

"There?"

"Yes!"

"Here?"

"YES!"

"And again?"

"YES YES YES...NOOOOOOOO you bastard!!"

It was then, in her limp, post-orgasmic state that he had tied her up. "I wanna experiment" he had said as in explanation and thus the evening had become decidedly more...frustrating for little miss Rose Tyler.

CHAPTER 2

"You bastard!!"

"Now Rose, calm down."

"Please!" she was close to tears, this wasn't fair, she was tied up,

completely unable to do a thing about his incessant teasing.

“Please what?”

“Oh don’t start that again!”

“Moi?” he tried to look innocent.

“Doctor?”

“Rose?”

“If you don’t let me come in the next five minutes I’m going to batter you to death with the sonic screwdriver.”

There was a moment of silence, Rose staring at the ceiling and praying to the Gods of good sex, the Doctor suddenly finding new doors with the words ‘Rose meets the sonic screwdriver’ opening in his head and the Tardis humming gently in the background.

“Fine. Five minutes? That it? You make it too easy for me Rose you really do...” And with that he resumed his position between her thighs, she was propped up on a few pillows (she wasn’t sure when that had happened) and he only had to bend his head a short distance to find her clit under his tongue. He liked to watch her as he did it, every stroke bringing a new gesture to her face, a new delectable sound from her lips.

He ran his fingers down the backs of her thighs, her knees and then back up squeezing her arse a little. He moved one hand to meet his mouth and parted her lips beneath him, spreading them wide and letting his tongue explore every inch of supple pink flesh.

He experimented with sucking her clit, curling his tongue and fucking her with it, but found the winning combination in fast hard flicks across her clit while slowly twisting three fingers deep inside her. Brushing upwards he found the magic mass of nerves and ran his index finger across her G-spot gently. Rose bucked her hips up against his mouth.

“Too much?” He breathed into her pussy and she felt the cool air of his question against her drenched skin.

“Do it again!” she managed to gasp out as he struggled with a fourth finger at her tight entrance. She wriggled urgently and the Doctor didn’t know whether she was encouraging him or trying to escape. Only one way to find out. He shifted his fingers closer together and pushed his little finger inside her along with the rest. Rose gasped again and spread her legs wider.

“Good?” He looked up at her face, eyes shut, mouth screaming obscenities.

“Fuck. Yes. Shit. So fucking good. Fuck. Oh fucking hell, yes please, yes, again, more, please!”

He smiled at her and returned his tongue to her clit, flicking hard and then running it slowly over and over in upward strokes, tracing a line around the base of her before sucking hard and causing her to grab the back of his head and dig her nails in so hard he was pretty sure she was drawing blood. He was sure to hold her open beneath him, his tongue tasting every exposed part of her pussy.

His fingers were working in and out of her cunt faster now, every thrust inside he was sure to brush against her G-spot just enough to get her to scream but never enough to make her happy. Feeling brave and far too curious he ran his fingers down her lips, and further. Down, down, until he reached what he was looking for. Placing one drenched finger against her tight entrance he looked up at her face and pushed inside.

“FUCK!”

Rose’s eyes shot open and she stared down at him. He shifted his finger in deeper, still twisting his right hand inside her pussy. She threw her head back and lifted her hips up to give him better access. He began fucking her slowly with both hands while his tongue traced the lines of long forgotten languages at a furious pace.

“Fuck...Doctor!”

Rose’s hips began pumping up and down against his fingers, he determinedly kept his fingers working in and out of her at the same pace, but began to rub against her G-spot more frequently until he pushed into her hard and kept his fingers inside her, stretching her slightly and working at her G-spot over and over and over and...

“DOCTOR!!”

But that didn't stop him, he had waited far too long. Pulling his fingers from her body he knelt before her, still propped on the pillows and ran his hand over his cock a few times. Once his fingers were slick with his own cum he ran them over her arse hole a few times, leant over her body and without waiting he pushed inside her.

“Fuck!” his turn to swear. He reached above her head and pulled her hands free of the binding, Rose gripped his shoulders and squeaked. He waited a second for her to relax and accommodate him and when she did he pulled back and thrust back inside her hard. Rose seemed unable to produce sounds anymore, instead finding her mouth formed a little ‘o’ until the Doctor leant down and kissed it off her lips. His fingers found their way back to her pussy, thrusting inside her roughly and searching for her G-spot again. Once he found it his thumb came to rest over her clit and he began a frantic tempo, his cock pounding in to her, not used to such tightness. Rose could feel herself burning under his fingers again, she hadn't had a chance to catch her breath and she was only able to pant against his shoulder, her arms clinging to him as he fucked her harder, faster, harder...

“ROSE!” And he was cuming, fast and hot and on and on and shouting her name. She still clung to him, his fingers jerking up inside her with the force of his orgasm and almost by accident hitting her G-spot so quickly that she too followed him over the edge, little silver stars dancing behind her eyelids and a dopey, post-coital grin unstoppably inching its way across her face. He collapsed (gently) on top of her, his arms wrapped round her torso, his head resting just above her breasts. They lay for some time, just trying to breathe again, his hearts counterpoint to hers. She felt him grinning and brushed her fingers through his hair.

“Four minutes twenty-eight seconds.”

She stopped and pulled his head back to look up at her. She was at a loss for words and so just smiled and kissed his forehead before letting him settle back against her chest. He was asleep in minutes and she didn't want to wake him even though her leg was falling asleep under his weight. When she finally managed to sleep, having shuffled him a little and freeing her leg, she was greeted by happy little silver stars throughout her dreams.